

Masthead Logo

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Barney

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BARNEY

*I love you. You love me.*

He is the true Zero in his cap & bells, in the terrible  
lizard of his skin. I see him

crossing the tundra in snowshoes like a big  
hug coming, lost

on Earth  
in a body. Consider: if I become him

what kind of suffering? This  
afflicted creature, dancing

for the hostile, costumed. Venus

loves him. He loves me, has given

himself to the whole world without  
mortification, given  
himself to the landscape

of sap and snow and cloud, come

unto the world  
and made it pregnant, singing  
to the invisible family before him, swallowing

the sorrow of children—innocent, curious, extinct.  
A narrow stream of tears runs right through him.

When the beloved  
is in everyone, in the excited  
imbecile, the timid

orgy of sleep, who  
can help but think of Christ  
with his sandals and lambs? Why

*all* of us? Why not just some? Oh  
the emptiness of so much. The everlastingness. This  
hug. Quivering, endured. A purple  
balloon like our hearts, naked  
and blown up

without flesh, wrinkles, fur. It loves  
without an object of it, and how  
we long to keep

the beast of it  
stuffed inside us

along with the little saints & fools  
who sing pitiful songs in our chests.